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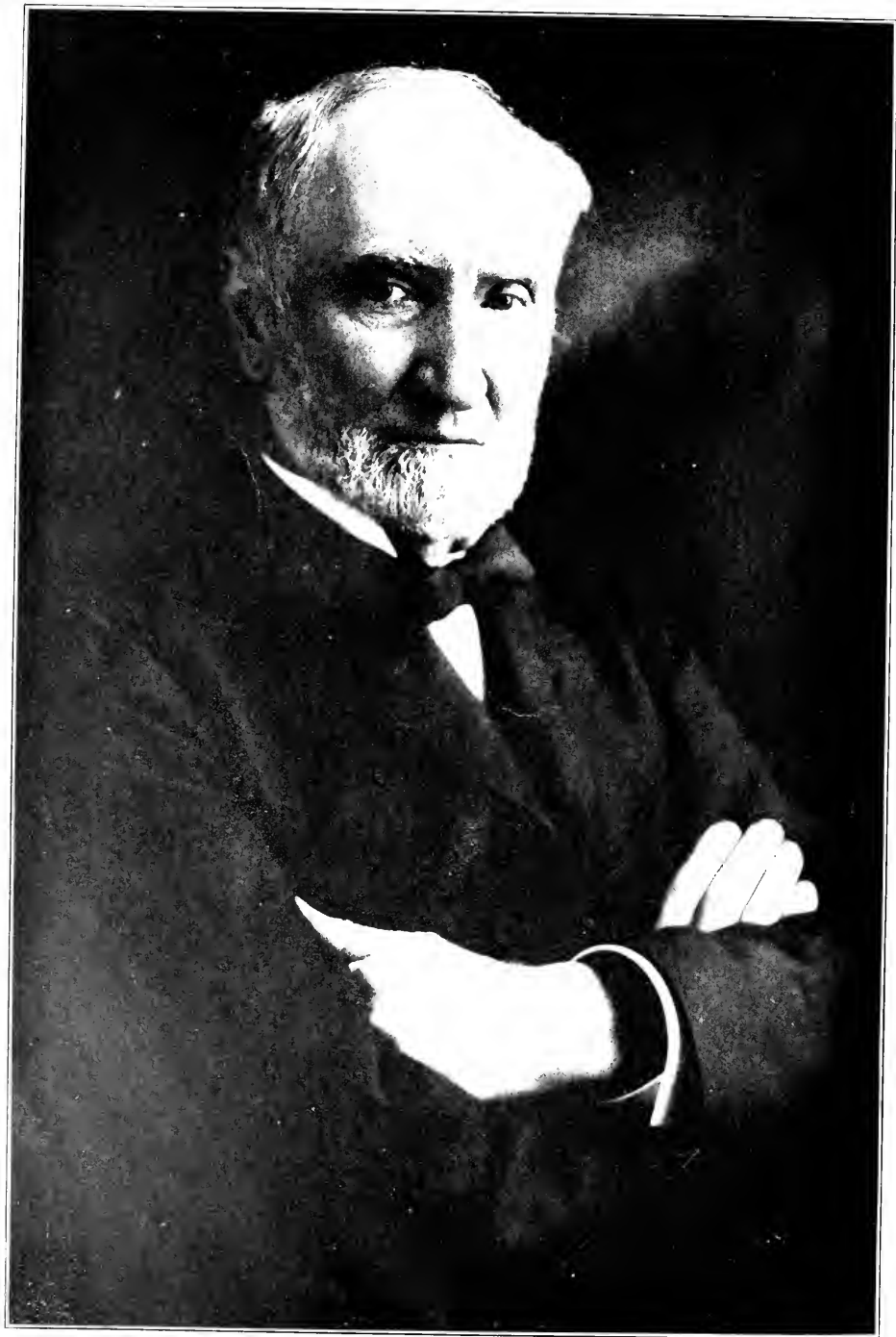
Book

# Joseph Gurney Cannon

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENT-  
ATIVES ON THE EIGHTIETH ANNIVERSARY  
OF HIS BIRTH    ♪    ♪    ♪    MAY 6, 1916







*H. D. 1000*

# Joseph Gurney Cannon

PROCEEDINGS IN THE  
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES  
*on the* EIGHTIETH ANNIVERSARY  
OF HIS BIRTH



*Saturday, May 6, 1916*

WASHINGTON  
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On motion of Mr. Mann, by unanimous consent,

*Ordered*, That on Saturday, May 6, 1916, immediately after the reading of the Journal and the disposition of business upon the Speaker's table, Mr. Rodenberg be permitted to control one hour.

(Order agreed to March 16, 1916.)

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IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

*May 8, 1916.*

*Ordered*, That ten thousand copies of the proceedings in the House commemorative of the anniversary of the birth of Hon. JOSEPH G. CANNON be printed, with his portrait, as a House document and distributed through the folding room for the use of the House.

CLARENCE A. CANNON,  
*Journal Clerk.*

D. of D.

JUN 15 1916

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Prayer by the  
Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D.  
Chaplain of the House

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### Prayer by the Chaplain

*WE bless Thee, our Father in heaven, for every life that has poured itself out for the betterment of mankind, whether in science, literature, art, statesmanship, or religious endeavor; for these are the human dynamos that move the wheels of progress toward the ideal civilization for which every true heart longs, and for the full appreciation accorded to such men in the hearts of their fellows. We thank Thee for the recognition of the long and faithful service of one who stands to-day on the threshold of his eightieth birthday, who, for half of his life, has been a conspicuous figure on the floor of this House; a leader wise in his counsels, a strong advocate of every measure for the betterment of popular government, known throughout the length and breadth of the land for his strong personality, independent thought and action, affectionately esteemed by all for faithful service to his country. May Heaven's richest blessing attend him and bring him at last to that immortal youth where a fuller service waits on the faithful. So may Thy blessing attend every Member and crown his efforts with successful service, and Thine be the praise forever. Amen.*



Address of  
Hon. William A. Rodenberg  
of Illinois

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## HON. JOSEPH GURNEY CANNON

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Hon. Champ Clark, Speaker of the House

UNDER a special order of the House made some time ago, the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Rodenberg] is to control one hour, and he is now recognized. [Applause.]

Hon. William A. Rodenberg, of Illinois

MR. SPEAKER: If all sentiment were taken out of life, to live would not be worth while. Sentiment rules the world and controls the action of all mankind. Love of country, devotion to home and family, friendship for our fellow man, all are based on sentiment. It is one of the divine attributes of every true and manly heart; without it the world would be dreary and desolate, forever lost to love and laughter. It fills the soul with hope and joy and lifts the clouds of doubt and gloom. It is humanity's greatest boon, for it brings to all the cheer that makes life worth the living. It is in response to a sentiment that has its foundation in genuine affection that we meet to-day to do honor to the best-loved Member of this great legislative body. [Applause.]

Mr. Speaker, many stirring and exciting scenes have been staged in this Hall. Here in days gone by many of the Nation's greatest men have engaged in intellectual combat and the world has been enriched by their wit and their wisdom. To-day there rise before us again the towering forms of Garfield and Blaine, of Randall and Cox, of McKinley and Reed, of Crisp and Carlisle, and, as memory reverts to some of the great historic scenes enacted here, and in which they played their parts so well, our blood tingles and throbs, and we thank God that it has been our good fortune to have had service in this House. [Applause.]

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I am now concluding my seventh term as a Member of Congress, and during my service here I have often been profoundly impressed by the fact that nowhere is the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest" better exemplified than in this Chamber. Here every man is measured at his real worth, and the measurement is always true and accurate. The House has no difficulty in separating the wheat from the chaff, and is as quick to applaud merit and industry as it is to condemn sham and pretense. The prestige of the man of intellectual integrity is as lasting as that of the demagogue is fleeting.

Leadership in this House is never accidental. On the contrary, it is always natural and entirely logical. Length of service may place a Member at the head of one of the great committees of the House, but the chairmanship of a committee, no matter how important, does not carry leadership with it. It requires something else to be a leader and a man of genuine influence. The real leaders in a legislative body such as this are the men who do not adjust their sails to catch every passing breeze, but who, when the storms of criticism beat and the waves of opposition roll, "stand foursquare to all the winds that blow," let come what may. [Applause.]

If there be one such man among us, if there be one man who has steadfastly pursued the path of public duty, and who, at all times and under all circumstances, in good and ill report, has had the superb courage to give expression to honest conviction, that man is he whom we delight to honor to-day, the grand old hero of a thousand legislative battles, JOSEPH G. CANNON, of Illinois. [Prolonged applause.]

For almost 40 years the calcium light of publicity has been turned full and fair upon him; and the stronger and the brighter the light, the more it has served to reveal to all the world those sterling qualities of head and heart that have given him an enduring place among the ablest and most courageous statesmen of his day and generation. He has made mistakes—of course he has. To err is human, and UNCLE JOE has at all times been intensely human; but no man, living or dead, ever saw him lower his colors or hoist the white flag of surrender. No matter how fast or furious the contest, he was never known to ask for

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quarter, but, throwing his warlike shield before him, he bade defiance to the enemy, shouting:

Lay on, Macduff,  
And damn'd be him that first cries "Hold, enough!"

[Applause.]

Mr. Speaker, including the Continental Congresses, 7,865 men have served in the various Congresses of the United States, and of all this number our distinguished friend enjoys the unique distinction of having had the longest service in the House of Representatives. The record shows that in all the years of our national existence only three men have excelled him in length of legislative service. At the head of the list stands Justin Smith Morrill, of Vermont, whose service in House and Senate covers a period of 43 years 9 months and 24 days. Next comes William Boyd Allison, of Iowa, whose combined service in the two bodies totals 43 years and 5 months. The third on the list is William Pierce Frye, of Maine, who served in both Chambers for 40 years 5 months and 4 days. And then comes JOSEPH GURNEY CANNON, of Illinois, who, upon the completion of his present term, will have been a Member of the House of Representatives for 40 years; and I know that I voice the sentiments of every man in this Hall when I express the hope that he will continue as a Member of this body until he has established a record for length of service that will never be equaled in all the future history of the Republic. [Applause.]

UNCLE JOE, to-morrow will be the eightieth anniversary of your birth. Entertaining for you, as I do, the deep and abiding affection that a son feels for his father, I deem it an honor indeed to have been selected to extend to you on this happy occasion the felicitations and good wishes of the entire membership of this House. We wish you full measure of life's pleasure to the end of your days, and we unite in the fervent hope that it will be many, many years before the shades of night begin to fall; and when they do, we know their gloom will be mellowed and softened by the golden glow that radiates from the halo that crowns and glorifies the patriotic life of a great American. [Prolonged applause.]

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Sherwood] is recognized. [Applause.]



Address of  
Hon. Isaac R. Sherwood  
of Ohio

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Hon. Isaac R. Sherwood, of Ohio

MR. SPEAKER: Forty-three years ago, when I was on earth for the first time [laughter], I drifted into this Congress, that being the first term of the distinguished American whose birthday we celebrate to-day. It has already been said, better and more eloquently than I am capable of saying it, that he is the most remarkable man this country has ever produced, counting his service in public life. He has had a public service of 47 years—40 years in Congress—and has been four times Speaker of the House of Representatives. I understand that UNCLE JOE and the modest Member who is now addressing you are the only surviving Members of the Forty-third Congress now in public life, and it has appeared to me to be fitting to refer to some of the incidents of that Congress, because we were called upon to deal with great questions growing out of the Civil War, questions that appealed to the hearts and the emotions of public men. Gen. Grant, the foremost man of all the world, was starting on his second term as President. I want to call your attention to some of the developments in science and social ethics that have occurred since that time. I remember that the appropriation for the President in that Congress, for salary and for upkeep of the White House, was \$42,000. President Grant had no bodyguard, no military aid. We Members were serving at \$5,000 a year. We had to furnish our own quarters. We were not allowed any secretaries. The Speaker had no parliamentary expert. We had no Hinds' Precedents. The country had no automobiles. We had no wireless; we had no flying machine; we had no canned music. Edison, the wizard of the scientific world to-day, had not yet appeared. We had no electric cars; we had no moving pictures; no typewriting machines. We had no preparedness talk on this floor [laughter]; we had no Calendar Wednesday [laughter]; we had no Army and Navy League. [Laughter.]

We had no twilight tango.

We are here to-day with a living and knock-down argument against the theory of Dr. Osler. [Applause and laughter.] It

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is a mistake to suppose that a man who has reached the age of 80 years has reached the acme of his intellectual development. [Applause and laughter.] Pope Leo XIII and John Adams were in the full possession of their intellectual powers at 90. John Wesley was at the height of his eloquence and at his best at 88. Michael Angelo painted his greatest single picture that was ever painted since the world began at 80. He made the sky and sunshine glorious with his brush at 83. Gen. Von Moltke was still wearing the uniform at 88, and he commanded the victorious German Army that entered the gates of Paris at 70. George Bancroft was writing deathless history after 80. Thomas Jefferson, Herbert Spencer, Talleyrand, and Voltaire were giving out great ideas at 80. Tennyson wrote his greatest poem, "Crossing the Bar," at 83. Gladstone made his greatest campaign at 80, and was the master of Great Britain at 83. Humboldt, the naturalist, scientist—the greatest that Germany ever produced—issued his immortal *Kosmos* at 90.

I saw Joe Jefferson play Rip Van Winkle at his best at 75. Goethe wrote *Faust*, the greatest literary achievement in all literature—the masterpiece of literature—the last section—at 80. The Irish actor, Macklin, was still on the stage at 99. Robert Browning was as subtle and mysterious as ever at 77, and Victor Hugo was at his best from 75 to 80.

We will concede that UNCLE JOE has passed the period of adolescence [laughter] and that he has reached the age of discretion. You will all concede with me that the best effort of his life was undoubtedly his oration on Abraham Lincoln, which was delivered in this Congress. He has not reached the acme of his intellectual development; that will come later. [Laughter and applause.] When he delivers his masterpiece in this Chamber or in a larger forum, I hope I may be present with ears erect to hear or eyes alert to read. [Laughter and continued applause.]

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Wisconsin [Mr. Cooper] will take the chair. [Applause.]

Mr. COOPER of Wisconsin took the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair will recognize the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Gillett]. [Applause.]

Address of  
Hon. Frederick H. Gillett  
of Massachusetts

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Hon. Frederick H. Gillett, of Massachusetts

MR. SPEAKER: I am the only person in the House who ever served on the Appropriations Committee when Mr. CANNON was its chairman. To my mind that was the most glorious and useful part of his career. Perhaps my opinion is biased by the fact that as we grow older we are less impressionable, and that when I was younger I was more of a hero worshiper; but to me, even when he sat omnipotent in the Speaker's chair and tried to be dignified and judicial and nonpartisan, and to regulate this disorderly and sometimes turbulent assembly, he was not so imposing as when he was on the floor, sure to be in the center of any conflict, contributing in no small measure to the heat and violence and interest of the debate, ready always to "ride the tempest and direct the storm." [Applause.]

To see him in his glory, you should have seen him as chairman of Appropriations, in the thick of the fray, without manuscript or notes, but all ablaze with energy, now entertaining the House with his quaint conceits and now convincing them with his powerful and ingenious arguments.

That, to my mind, was the sphere where his abilities shone to the best advantage. He is by nature a floor leader. He has the courage, the fearlessness, and that quickness of mind and of tongue accelerating under fire, which make a man effective on this floor.

Those of you who have come here this session can have little appreciation, it seems to me, of what the American Congress has sometimes been and what it may be again. Everything this year has run so smoothly and amiably—there has been so little bitterness and belligerency—that it is difficult to realize the contests of the past. Our Speaker is so genial and so popular with both sides [applause], the minority leader cooperates so heartily with his kindly spirit, and the issues which thus far have arisen have contained so little to excite passion that we seem to be sailing on an eternal summer sea. I hope it may always continue so serene. [Applause.]

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But it was in a very different atmosphere that Mr. CANNON was trained. It was different when I first came here. I can remember when the air of this Chamber seemed surcharged with animosity, and there were occasions when it seemed as if the two sides of the House were so hostile and furious that they might at any moment rise against each other in forcible collision.

And yet I suppose during my service it has been calm compared with what preceded it. I suppose in the Fifty-first Congress party heat reached its extreme. It needed then dauntless courage and unfaltering poise to be a successful leader. And it was in that Congress I have always understood that Mr. CANNON really won his indisputable right to be at the front. In that historic contest over the rules it was on him that Speaker Reed, the most powerful and formidable figure I have ever seen within these walls, leaned for his most reliable and effective support.

I came here 23 years ago. I suppose many of you think, as I know some ambitious men in my district have long thought, that 12 terms are an unconscionable time for anyone to serve. [Laughter.] But when I arrived here Mr. CANNON could look back nearly as far as that to the commencement of his service. He was in his prime. In debate his directness, his shrewdness, his brightness of illustration, and his gymnastics always attracted universal attention. I remember being told that once when he was making a speech with his customary vigor, rising on his toes and prancing up and down the aisle, Mr. Reed called out to him, sotto voce, "JOE, are you making this speech on mileage?" [Laughter.]

But while his peculiarities of manner attracted attention, they were but the publicity agents for the real power and originality of his arguments. No one knew better than he how to appeal to both the judgment and the prejudices of the House. His quick and fertile mind not only grasped and developed all the intrinsic force of the argument but also took advantage of the foibles and self-interest of his audience. He did not simply argue the merits of the proposition but he fought strenuously to make his side prevail. He made speeches, not to circulate

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in his district or to win applause, but to win votes, and if he could not succeed the cause was hopeless.

The chairman of the Appropriations Committee generally has the unpopular side, for he is generally fighting for economy. I do not believe it is simply the natural prejudice of my own membership which makes me feel that a spirit of economy always permeates that committee far more than any other committee of the House. Now is not the time to discuss the reason for it, which would be interesting.

But ever since I have been here the chairman of that committee has been the watch dog of the Treasury and the champion of retrenchment. Mr. CANNON filled that rôle preeminently, but with a good nature, a practical common sense, a sagacious judgment of the temper of the House, and a prudent mitigation of abstract justice by personal necessities which won him extraordinary success. He was ready to compromise when he thought it wise and reasonable, but he never shunned a fight, and he never surrendered till every resource was exhausted. The adversary who anticipated an easy victory just because he had the popular side had little appreciation of the persistence, the knowledge, and the resourcefulness of Mr. CANNON. He was, of course, sometimes beaten, but he often won where another would not have dared to fight.

When I first came to Congress I had a strong prejudice against him. But, as I watched his leadership, the time came when if I suddenly had to vote on a question of which I knew nothing, there was no man in the House whom I would follow so confidently as him.

In committee he was alert, wise, timesaving, and he had that charming quality so appreciated by ambitious younger men, of giving them plenty of opportunity to show their powers. He never tried to monopolize the chances of distinction, but shared them generously with his lieutenants.

I trust he will not think it disparaging if I say that he is a debater rather than an orator. You will recall that in the golden days of English eloquence Edmund Burke, who, in my opinion, wrote the finest orations ever produced, said of his

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rival, Charles James Fox, that he was "the most brilliant and accomplished debater the world ever saw."

Some of Fox's friends took umbrage at the phrase, and thought the word "debater" did not do him justice. But I am not sure it is not quite as complimentary as "orator." A debater like Mr. CANNON measures his strength squarely with his opponent, asks no time for preparation, but is always ready, and must rely on his native powers to repel assaults, grapple with his antagonist, and from a hand-to-hand contest win his laurels. The orator at leisure ponders and develops and elaborates his material. In the one case you see the engine at work and can measure its actual force; in the other you see only the result.

It always seemed to me Mr. CANNON had not the taste, if he had the capacity, for elaborate preparation. He seemed to need the stimulus of a fight to arouse his faculties. Then he could summon his resources with unfailing facility, and showed a readiness, an astuteness, a variety, and a vigor which were marvelous.

Of course he was prepared, in the sense that he knew all about his subject, for he was a most thorough and thoughtful student of the questions which came before him. But he never seemed to make any special preparation for his speeches, but to trust to the inspiration of the moment, which has brought the downfall of so many would-be orators, but which never failed him. Indeed, I think his example was a bad influence on young men by discouraging preparation. I, like other New England boys, was brought up to believe that the price of success was industry. I always had dinned into my ears the verse—

The heights which great men reached and kept,  
Were not attained by sudden flight;  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.

Since I have known him Mr. CANNON'S "toiling in the night" has not been exclusively over his congressional duties [laughter], and yet his mind always seems saturated with knowledge of the varied subjects which come before us.

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As he moves among us now, kindly, sedate, respected, beloved—a sort of perpetual statesman emeritus, bearing his 80 years more lightly than anyone I ever saw—he is an honor and a blessing to the American Congress; but I shall always cherish most the memory of the dauntless, resourceful, militant head of the Appropriations Committee, defending the National Treasury against all comers, fearlessly, tenaciously, judiciously, and with a success I have never seen paralleled. [Applause.]

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. Kitchin] is recognized. [Applause.]



Address of  
Hon. Claude Kitchin  
of North Carolina

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Hon. Claude Kitchin, of North Carolina

MR. SPEAKER: I count it a real privilege and pleasure to participate in these ceremonies to-day. I believe the House honors itself more than it honors the distinguished gentleman from Illinois [Mr. CANNON] in taking, amid its busy labors, this hour to celebrate the eightieth birthday of a man who, in my judgment, is the most marked and unique character that has sat in either end of the Nation's Capitol for the last half century. [Applause.] I am going to say in public here now what I have a hundred times said in private, that of all the public men whom I have ever met the gentleman from Illinois is the most remarkable and possesses the strongest, most practical common-sense intellect.

I remember when I first came here, 15 years ago, he impressed me more particularly as being a big man than any other man in the House. I sat here in my seat for three years without ever opening my mouth on the floor of this House, and that is somewhat remarkable, it seems to me now [laughter], but I had an idea that it was wiser for me at first to hear and see rather than be heard and seen. During that time I was an intent observer, sizing up the men in this body. Outside of partisan politics the gentleman from Illinois impressed me as being the wisest legislator in the House. I have said that, too, a hundred times, and I have really not seen much since then to change my opinion. [Laughter and applause.] But when it came down to partisan questions and partisan politics, and especially when his blood was up—Good Lord, deliver us. [Laughter.] And, Mr. Speaker, his partisanship was not confined to men on the Democratic side of the House, either. One of the most interesting and remarkable debates I ever witnessed in this House was between the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. CANNON] and a gentleman on that side of the Chamber who is now deceased, Col. Pete Hepburn, which occurred some 12 or 13 years ago, when the bill for the construction of the inter-oceanic canal was under consideration. The question then was whether we should build a canal across the Isthmus of Panama

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or along what was known as the Nicaraguan route. The committee had reported unanimously in favor of the Nicaraguan route. Mr. Hepburn was chairman of the committee, and, of course, strongly advocated the Nicaraguan route. Only a few, led by the gentleman from Illinois, favored the Panama route. I had seen many heated courthouse contests between lawyers, but I never witnessed anything more interesting and exciting than that debate between these two gentlemen. Mr. Hepburn was right-handed and Mr. CANNON was left-handed, both on their feet most of the time, within a step or two of each other, their arms waving about as if in a pugilistic contest. It was a fur-flying debate, but a great debate. I will never forget it. Two giants were wrestling with each other in intellectual combat. The House has had few men equal as a debater to Col. Hepburn. He was a strong, forceful, resourceful man.

Mr. Speaker, I have heard Mr. CANNON in several debates; I have seen him in action in the House for a number of years; I have seen him confront serious and critical situations often; but, in my opinion, the time when he loomed up bigger and stronger and braver than ever was during those two nights and two days' fight over what we called Cannonism—on the Norris resolution—in the Sixty-first Congress. I never saw a man in my life who stood forth such a complete master of the situation. He rode the very whirlwinds and directed the storms for his party. While many harsh things on this side and many on that side were spoken during those two days and nights of the hottest and most exciting contest the House has witnessed in a quarter of a century, I never saw the gentleman from Illinois lose his temper or his head for one moment. He was courteous, cool, courageous, and determined to the last to do what he started out to do the very first moment the fight began. He was going to hold the House here and not make a decision upon the question of order pending until the Republican whip had gathered in from all quarters of the United States every single Republican Member of this House, and he knew exactly how each would vote. Just as soon as he ascertained that every Republican who would vote on his side was here in the House, without sleep for two days and nights, he rapped the House

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to order and calmly said, "The Chair is ready to rule." [Applause.] And he ruled against us, of course. [Laughter and applause.] In all the conflicts in his long and eventful career as a Member of the House, some of them bitter and severe, he stood out always before the eyes of friend and foe the embodiment of courage, of directness, of integrity. [Applause.]

Mr. Speaker, I think this occasion illustrates the truth of what I heard the minority leader say some time ago, that while that aisle separated the Democrats from the Republicans it did not divide the hearts of the men in this House. [Applause.] It does not divide our respect, confidence, esteem, and affection for each other. There are men on that side of the House whom I regard with as much esteem, admiration, respect, and affection as on this side, and no doubt that is the case with most of us on either side of the aisle. We differ on questions of policy for the country, on what we call political principles, but we do not differ in our loyalty and love and devotion to our country and our flag, and in our respect, esteem, and affection for one another. When I was a great deal younger than I am now, I used to think that the good folks were all in the Democratic Party and the bad folks all in the Republican Party. I used to think that the big Republicans in Washington had horns and that they were all reaching out with both hands toward somebody else's pocket. But, gentlemen, since I have served in this House I have found so many good and splendid fellows in the Republican Party that, individually, I am willing to admit that it is a pretty good party. Collectively—well, I am not profane and will not be unparliamentary; but, anyway, since my association with these splendid Republicans here I have come to the conclusion that a Republican is never dangerous to a good Democrat—except in an election [laughter and applause], and never harmful to the public—except in office. [Laughter.]

In the Sixty-first Congress we had a lot of talk about "Cannonism." I believe the best speech I ever made in the House was on "Cannonism." That was not a fight against Mr. CANNON; it was a fight against a system which the rules created and which he inherited from former Congresses, and, perhaps,

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from Democratic Congresses, too, as well as Republican Congresses. I said at the time that we were making a fight against the rules and the power which the rules gave the Speaker, called then "Cannonism," not against Mr. CANNON; that the rules then in force had been in force in both Republican and Democratic Congresses, and only a weak man, without courage, would have done less than the distinguished gentleman from Illinois if exigencies demanded. When the rules of the House put into the hands of one man the life and death of all legislation and all procedure and made him more powerful than even the President of the United States, any strong, intellectual, courageous man would have exercised that power, whether he was a Democrat or a Republican, under the conditions that then confronted the party in control. Since then, as the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Gillett] says, we have come to smooth and better-tempered times, when most of us vote alike and think alike on many questions. When the people made a change in the House, why, we, with the approval of many gentlemen on that side, changed the rules, and we never hear of "Cannonism" now, but we are proud and glad to hear to-day of "CANNON." [Applause.] We are glad to know, too, that every heart that beats within these walls is hoping and praying that we shall have the happiness on many and many another birthday of the gentleman from Illinois to meet here in his presence and do him honor. [Loud applause.]

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair recognizes the Speaker of the House of Representatives. [Loud applause.]

Address of  
Hon. Champ Clark  
Speaker of the House

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Hon. Champ Clark, of Missouri, Speaker of the House

MR. SPEAKER AND GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE: This performance here to-day reminds me of one in which Mr. Speaker CANNON and myself participated five or six years ago in the city of New York. About six months after Mark Twain died they memorialized him in Carnegie Hall before an immense audience. The chairman was Dr. William Dean Howells. The speakers were Joseph H. Choate, Henry Van Dyke, "Marse" Henry Watterson, Mr. Speaker CANNON, George W. Cable, and myself. I believe if Mark Twain knew what was happening that that was exactly the kind of a crowd he would have elected to have participated in his funeral exercises. We did not do anything for four mortal hours except crack jokes and tell anecdotes. I think this hour and a half is well spent. [Applause.] It shows the House in its most pleasing phase.

Mr. Speaker, this Government has existed 127 years under the Constitution—a brief, fleeting period in the existence of a nation, but longer than the span of life vouchsafed to any of the latter-day sons of Adam. We are engaged in celebrating the birthday of the only man in our history who has been elected to the House of Representatives 20 times—a unique achievement, which may be duplicated in the next 127 years, but probably will not. Such a record can be made only under a rare and peculiar set of circumstances: First. The constituency must remain in the same political faith during two score years. Second. The man himself must be as constant as the northern star and be possessed of unusual endowments, mentally and physically. Third. His constituency must have such faith in him as would remove mountains.

Mr. Speaker CANNON is now well into his fortieth year in the House, and is in fine fettle in both body and mind—at which we all rejoice. [Loud applause.]

Only three men have exceeded him in length of service in Congress, and they only by adding their House and Senate service together. Justin Smith Morrill, of Vermont, sat 12

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years in the House and 31 years, 9 months, and 24 days in the Senate—a total of 43 years, 9 months, and 24 days—while William Boyd Allison, of Iowa, served 8 years in the House and 35 years and 5 months in the Senate—a total of 43 years and 5 months, and William P. Frye, of Maine, who served 10 years and 13 days in the House and 30 years, 4 months, and 20 days in the Senate—a total of 40 years, 5 months, and 3 days. Thus it will be seen that Morrill tops them all by 4 months and 24 days.

William Ewart Gladstone served 53 years in the British House of Commons. I am by no means certain that his service was the longest in that body. Over there, however, they begin younger than we do. Charles James Fox, perhaps the greatest parliamentary orator that ever lived, entered the House of Commons at 19, and the younger William Pitt at about the same age. Another thing that tended for length of service there was the old and condemned borough system, whereby a duke or earl or viscount would take a fancy to some bright youngster and practically appoint him to a seat in the Commons—an agreeable custom, but not promotive of the public welfare, and now happily fallen into “innocuous desuetude.”

Henry Clay, the most renowned of all Speakers, served the longest time in the Speaker's chair, being elected for six full terms, resigning twice, with a total actual service of 10 years and 245 days, although the Capitol guides will have it that he served 12 years—a historic fable.

Mr. Speaker CANNON comes next with four full terms—eight years—and if the political complexion of the House had not changed he would in all probability be in his fourteenth year in the chair, thereby exceeding the record of “The Great Kentuckian.” [Applause.]

Mr. Speaker Stevenson of Virginia was elected for four full terms, but in the middle of his fourth term he resigned both as Speaker and as Member of the House, having been nominated as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James by President Jackson; but alack! and also alas! a refractory Senate refused to confirm his nomination for more than a year, during which time he was, like Mohammed's

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coffin, suspended betwixt heaven and earth. At last the Jackson men became strong enough in the Senate to confirm him and he went on his way rejoicing, having learned a lesson about premature resignations which he probably never forgot and which added somewhat to his stock of wisdom.

Mr. Speaker CANNON and Gen. Sherwood were both first elected to Congress at the November election in 1872, when under the lead of Horace Greeley the Democrats met with a crushing disaster, from which they recovered in 1874, only two years later, and swept the country from sea to sea. Speaker CANNON has served under 10 Presidents—Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, the younger Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson. Presidents come and Presidents go, but he, like Tennyson's brook, goes on forever.

James Gillespie Blaine, one of the most brilliant of all the Speakers [applause], administered the oath to him upon his entrance here. While the Speaker's term is two years and the presidential term is four, he has seen the same number of Presidents in the White House and Speakers in the chair, 10—Blaine, Kerr, Randall, Kiefer, Carlisle, Reed, Crisp, Henderson, CANNON, and Clark.

When he was first elected only about a dozen of the present Members could vote. Many were in their swaddling clothes, trying to achieve the first acrobatic feat any of us and all of us ever essayed—to get our big toe into our mouth. [Laughter.] A majority of the Members were then unborn. What an astounding amount of history has been made in this country in the 44 intervening years, all of which he saw and part of which he was!

I am glad that Mr. Speaker CANNON made his great speech on the immigration bill recently—for it was a great speech—glad on his account, glad on my own account; glad most especially on account of you newer Members who have come into the House in the last 13 years; glad that you had the opportunity of not only hearing but seeing him as James Steerforth wished to be remembered, "at his best." We are all James Steerforths in that regard. J. B. McCullough, long-time editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, once said that he had often thought that had

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there been present a man who could see but could not hear and one who could hear but could not see when Roscoe Conkling delivered his superb speech, nominating Gen. Grant in the famous Chicago convention of 1880, he believed that the deaf man who could see would have derived as much pleasure from Conkling's performance as the blind man who could hear. I confess that seeing Mr. Speaker CANNON in action has always interested me quite as much as what he said. [Laughter and applause.] He has always appeared to me to be made up chiefly of spiral springs. [Laughter.] I saw him once do, while speaking, a thing that I doubt if any other speaker ever duplicated since the confusion of tongues at Babel. In the heat of debate I saw him make a complete circle on his heel. [Laughter.]

He is one of the strongest rough-and-tumble debaters I ever heard or tackled. He belongs to the topnotcher class of mental pugilists. He hits and hits hard, but never below the belt. I remember with pleasure now—though not so pleasant then—that in the first real debate in which I ever participated in the House he catechized me in extenso. It was a red-hot political debate—a cut and thrust affair—on the repeal of the Federal election law. I had not been here more than two months, and was ambitious to break into the limelight, or, as the Kaiser would say, to achieve “a place in the sun.” [Laughter.] I did it on that occasion, largely by aid of Mr. Speaker CANNON, though I entertain serious doubt whether he intended assisting a rampant, greenhorn Democratic Congressman, for the billows of politics ran mountain high at that time.

Fight in those brave days of old? Of course we did—many of us, tooth and nail, hammer and tongs. Scars? All who participated in those fierce conflicts bear them—honorable scars, all in front; none of us escaped unscathed. Sometimes we fought over political principles, sometimes about governmental business, and sometimes by reason of what Cæsar denominates *certaminis gaudium*—the sheer joy of combat. Once Speaker CANNON was in the full tide of speech when I interrupted him, and he waved or shoved me off by saying, “Oh! Not now. I will attend to the Missouri Cyclone presently”—which he did, and I came near having fastened onto me the sobriquet borne

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now and for many years by the gentleman from Texas [Mr. Davis]. [Laughter and applause.]

Mr. DAVIS of Texas. Amen! [Laughter.]

Mr. CLARK of Missouri. On another occasion I had the floor, and when Speaker CANNON interrupted me I conferred upon him the alliterative title of "The Dancing Dervish of Danville"; but out of it all we came forth good, warm personal friends, and will, in the language of the wedding ceremony, so remain "till death do us two part."

Fame is the scentless sunflower with gaudy crown of gold,  
But friendship is the treasure rose, with sweets in every fold.

In 1894 there was the worst slaughter of the innocents since the reign of King Herod. I was one of the victims of that awful landslide. I remember with gratitude that Speaker CANNON was the first person who suggested to me that I might come back. He spoke and predicted from experience.

On the day a few weeks ago when the bill authorizing the Government to take over the title deeds to the land in Kentucky on which stands the splendid memorial building covering and protecting the humble log cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born, we witnessed a pleasing and amazing spectacle—Mr. Speaker CANNON, 80 to-morrow, and Gen. Sherwood, some months his senior, straight as arrows, lithe as men of 50, delivering speeches which thrilled our hearts; and the strangest feature of that remarkable scene was that these two well-beloved octogenarians read whatever they wanted to read without glasses! Verily, like Moses, the master lawgiver of all the centuries, their eyes are not dimmed nor their natural force abated. [Applause.]

For a long time people poked fun at the Scotch theory of "second sight"; but on the occasion to which I refer we had the best sort of evidence that these two veterans have received their "second sight"—"the ocular proof" which Othello demanded. In passing, it may be apropos to state that one of the finest couplets in our vernacular grew out of the Scotch theory of "second sight" conferring the gift of prophecy:

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.

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When I first read those splendid lines as a college student they appeared to me so fine that I wanted to read the context. Somehow I got it into my head that Alexander Pope was the author and read all his works to find them, which I did not do for the all-sufficient reason that he never wrote them. They are in Thomas Campbell's poem "Lochiel"; but my time spent in reading Pope was profitably spent. He polished his poems 'till they glitter as a gem, and he excelled all poets in making couplets or quatrains, each conveying an idea complete within itself. I committed hundreds of them to memory, greatly to my advantage.

While Speaker CANNON was delivering his Lincoln speech, I noted what a remarkable profile resemblance there is in his face and Lincoln's, just as there is a striking resemblance in the face of my good, dear friend, Maj. Stedman, of North Carolina, and the face of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

Mr. Speaker CANNON owes it to himself and to his countrymen to write a book of reminiscences, Job's vengeful declaration, "Oh! that mine adversary had written a book," to the contrary notwithstanding. Evidently the Man of Uz did not have in his mind's eye Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson when he gave voice to that far-resounding and malicious desire.

There are two other distinguished Americans who owe it to themselves and the country to write books of reminiscences—Senator Chauncey Mitchell Depew, the incorrigible optimist, and "Marse" Henry Watterson, the last of that marvelous school of editors of whom Horace Greeley, George D. Prentice, James Gordon Bennett the elder, Henry J. Raymond, Shadrack Penn, Thurlow Weed, and Samuel Bowles were the founders. What books these three men could write for our instruction and delight! They would be eagerly read by untold and unborn thousands so long as this Republic endures, which we all fondly pray will be—

Forever and forever,  
As long as the river flows,  
As long as the heart hath passions,  
As long as life hath woes.

[Applause.]

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We, one and all, most cordially and affectionately congratulate Mr. Speaker CANNON on attaining the Psalmist's extreme allotment of four-score years and upon having that which should accompany old age, "As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends"; and we hope from the bottom of our hearts that he will live many years full of usefulness, happiness, and prosperity. [Prolonged applause.]

Mr. MANN. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the Speaker may recognize my colleague, Mr. CANNON. [Applause.]

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. Cooper of Wisconsin). The Chair feels, as he was about to say when the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Mann] arose, that he voices the earnest wish of every Member—Republican, Democrat, Progressive, Socialist, Catholic, Protestant, Jew, and Gentile—in expressing the hope that the distinguished gentleman from Illinois [Mr. CANNON] will now address the House. [Applause.]



Response of  
Hon. Joseph G. Cannon  
of Illinois

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Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois

MR. SPEAKER AND GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: It is pleasant for an old man to meet his fellows in the public service, to look in their faces, and feel that they accord to him the same honesty of purpose that they claim for themselves.

And yet, upon this occasion, if you will bear with me for a few moments, I recollect a story that John O'Neill told me many years ago. He was an Irishman who represented a St. Louis district, and he had all the brightness, wit, and humor that Irishmen generally have. One day, sitting in the cloak-room, when the conversation was running, he said, "When I was at home last week, having leave of absence for a few days, an Irish client of mine was about to die. He had no relatives in this country, and all his relatives in Ireland had crossed over, and he sent for me to write his will. I had been his attorney. He gave so much for the repose of his soul, so much to this hospital, and so much to that hospital, and so much for various charities. He knew exactly what he had, and I wrote the will and read it over to him, and he discovered, when he came to make the addition, that there was \$10 left over that had not been disposed of."

O'Neill said the dying Irishman realized that his time was short and asked if there was time to write the will over. O'Neill said to him, "Oh, I can fix it all right. I will just put in what we call a 'codicil.' What do you want to do with the \$10?" He thought a minute and said, "I'll not be knowin' what I want to do with the \$10 exactly—but, yes; it can be invested in whisky, to be drank at my funeral." "Going or returning?" asked O'Neill. "Going, of course. I'll be wid 'em, then." [Laughter.]

Brother Sherwood, you and I came into this House together, elected in 1872. I have been here more of the time than you have, but I think you have been doing as good service, and probably better than I have. You are my senior in years,

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and, looking in your eye, I appreciate your friendship. We were political friends when we served in the Forty-third Congress. We are political opponents now, but really I think I respect and love you as much as it is lawful for one man to love another. [Applause and laughter.]

These doctors have made great progress in medicine and surgery. Why, with the bloodletting that there was, with the thrust of a lancet that obtained in the West while the West was being settled, and the 10 grains of calomel and 10 grains of jalap—you know it would kill people if it was administered now—and the great doses of quinine, and so on. That was heroic treatment. [Laughter.] In medicine and surgery the world has progressed more in your time and mine than it did in the whole history of the race, from Eden down to your time and mine. They talk now about being on the eve of discovering a medicine or elixir, or something, that will make us all live to be at least 150 years old. I want them to hurry up, Brother Sherwood. [Laughter.]

Always there have been during my service here, Mr. Speaker, and I believe there always will be in the House of Representatives, fierce contests touching policies, and no truer thing was said by those who have preceded me than when they said, quoting the minority leader [Mr. Mann], that while this side of the aisle contested with that side of the aisle, after the partisanship passed, and even while it was on, we had as many friends on your side, and you as many friends on our side that would go as far outside of the partisanship or the policies to serve one another, as we have upon our respective sides. [Applause.]

The scene here to-day is a sample of the partisanship of the House. I can say with the psalmist, "The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places"; and as I look into the faces of friends on both sides of the House I am more inclined to accept the plain evidence of fact than the popular and picturesque fiction which divides this body into partisan groups on all questions, shuts out personal relations and the cooperation of Representatives, regardless of party, to work out in legislation the greatest good to the greatest number.

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We should not be human if we did not disagree at many points, and there would be no work for Congress if there were not many men of many minds in the country. We are sent here as the Representatives of those people who have different ideas as to Government activities, and we must here thrash out these differences, whether pleasant or unpleasant, for harmony can not always be produced out of the conflicts of the people, even by the best of friends. My own experience here inclines me to the view expressed by Charles Lamb, that he could not hate the man he knew, rather than to the old proverb that "Biting and scratching is the Scots' wooing."

One of my earliest friends on this floor was Alexander H. Stephens, who returned to the House when I came as a new Member. I had heard of the man who, as vice president of the Confederacy was the ablest adversary of Lincoln, and I had opinions; but here on the floor and in the hotel where we both lived I came to know him as a man as different from my opinions, formed by reading the war news, as are my opinions of the archangel and the archdemon of the universe.

So it has been through the years; and to me partisanship means the necessary contests over policies by which the Republic must be governed. There are no personalities in partisanship, and men who meet face to face and discuss different political views are less arbitrary in their views than are those who read headlines and fear that the House has fallen to a low estate, where party advantage is the one aim and effort.

I have seen some changes in partisan politics. [When I came here, believing in nationalism, I was impressed with the State rights doctrine of some of the men on that side, and I remember a speech by Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, in opposition to Randall's bill to loan fifteen hundred thousand dollars to the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition.

Mr. Tucker warned the House against stretching the welfare clause of the Constitution. He said it would be an advertisement, inviting any clever man who had an idea about spending Government money for the general welfare to come to Congress, and it would not be long before we were crowded off our stools by the lobbyists who wanted to get their hands into the

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Treasury. Mr. Tucker, then, turning to Randall, shouted a final warning that should that appropriation be made Chicago and even Yorktown would some day come for aid to an exposition. Well, they both came, and many others, and Mr. Tucker's son was president of the Jamestown Exposition. That is only an example of some of the changes that have come about the use of Government money to promote the general welfare. We have had quite a spell of it in the consideration of the Agriculture appropriation bill.

In our partisanship we have not been as keen for party advantage as is often represented. There was Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, who was a stormy petrel of American politics, if we have had one, and he is remembered as the author of the civil-rights bill, which caused such a storm of indignation throughout the South. But Gen. Butler was also the chairman of the Judiciary Committee which reported and put through the House the amnesty bill, which removed the political disabilities from many thousands of southern men.

And this leads me to suggest that it was not party advantage which inspired this side of the House when in control to pass amnesty bills which in a large measure gave control to that side; nor was it party advantage which led that side when in the majority to propose an electoral commission to find a judicial method for settling the great controversy over the Presidency. You lost by that machinery; but it was your own creation, and its creation was inspired by patriotic motives to save the country from another civil strife.

May I here cast a doubt on another popular fiction in which a former Member was the hero? I refer to the story which has even got into some political histories, that Col. Watterson organized an army of 100,000 stalwart Democrats to march on Washington and by force place Mr. Tilden in the White House. I have always doubted the correctness of that story, because Col. Watterson was a Member of the House at that time and was here using his influence and his diplomacy to work out a peaceful solution of that controversy. He was one of the best losers I ever saw. When the report of the commission on the Oregon vote was adopted, Col. Watterson made a short speech

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in which he expressed his disappointment over the impending decision and described the blue-grass region in springtime, where the flowers were the signals of God's love and bounty, giving assurance that the heavens should not be robbed of their sunshine, the earth of its fruition, nor the future of hope.

That was at the end of February and the beginning of March, 1877. The Democrats thought Tilden was elected, and we Republicans thought Hayes was elected. There was a real contest at the polls and a real contest as to which was elected. You were in good faith, and we were in good faith. You carried the country and had a Democratic House, which you elected in 1874—strongly Democratic. It was a Republican Senate. The 4th of March was approaching, and in that Democratic House, presided over by Samuel J. Randall, with such Democrats as Ben Hill and Randolph Tucker—noted men, both North and South—there originated on that side the legislation which was agreed to by the Senate for the electoral commission—five judges of the Supreme Court, five Members of the Senate, and five Members of the House.

You supposed you would have a majority of one. You supposed that David Davis, one of the five judges, would be on your side. That would have given you a majority of one. But two days before that commission was appointed Gen. Logan, contesting for reelection to the Senate, was defeated by Justice Davis, and that put Justice Davis out. So Justice Bradley was selected, and he threw the casting vote. It was settled, but it did not turn out as you expected it would turn out. But it was patriotically acquiesced in.

I recollect very well what Col. Watterson said when they commenced to filibuster on that side of the aisle with a motion to adjourn, and a motion to adjourn to a day certain, alternating one motion with the other, as they could do, under the rules of the House as they then existed, as long as a man could stand and make the motion. Watterson said:

I shall join in no movement to obstruct the progress of the presidential count. We have had enough of anarchy.

[Applause.]

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I never shall forget the scene before the electoral count was completed, when Speaker Randall rose in his place, when it was necessary that action should be had to a point of order being made on the motion under the rule, and declared that it was a filibuster and dilatory and that the Constitution provided for the count of the electoral vote. He sustained the point of order, and then in the House we did have pandemonium for some time. [Laughter.] But the count was made.

So I have found the partisanship of this House throughout these 40 years sometimes warm and vigorous, but largely mixed with patriotism and much common sense; no barriers in the center aisle to prevent men from crossing that partisan line, and no prohibition against meeting in the lobby or the cloak-room and talking it over in private. It has been to me a pleasant and, I hope, a profitable experience.

There are, so far as I know, only six of my colleagues in the Forty-third Congress, which assembled here 43 years ago, still living. They are my friend and colleague, Gen. Sherwood, on this floor; ex-Senator Eugene Hale, of Maine; ex-Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson, of Iowa; Gerry W. Hazelton, of Wisconsin; William H. H. Stowell, of Virginia; and John R. Lynch, of Mississippi. All others who sat in that Congress have crossed over to the beyond. Many of those who were my associates in succeeding Congresses have also answered the last call, and I am here among those of the second generation, following in the footsteps of their fathers and here giving the best service of which they are capable to the welfare of their country.

If I sometimes see the faces and hear the voices of others not now here to answer the roll call, I may not be charged with dreaming, for among these 3,000 men with whom I have been associated in legislative efforts and over partisan contests there were hosts of personal friends of whom I never thought as Republicans or Democrats, except as we discussed different policies. These men had their hour on this stage, did their work in their time, as you are doing it now, following in the line of precedent; here amending where changes in conditions make it necessary, but not attempting to uproot and reconstruct

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the whole fabric of the people's law. And when I see ghosts in this Chamber I am not frightened, for they typify the spirit of a representative democracy as truly as do the words and works of those who laid the foundation of this Government in the beginning.

Who could fear the ghosts of Blaine and Randall? Of old Alexander H. Stephens and Henry L. Dawes, of Ben Butler and George F. Hoar, of Sunset Cox and Tom Platt, of Fernando Wood and William A. Wheeler, of Charles O'Neill and Pig-Iron Kelley, of Holman and Tyner, of Beck and Blount, of Bland and Mills, of Garfield and Morrison, of Jerry Rusk and Philetus Sawyer, of Stephen B. Elkins and George Q. Cannon, of Ben Hill and Gen. Banks, of Proctor Knott and David B. Culbertson, of John H. Reagan and Randolph Tucker, of Tom Reed and John G. Carlisle, of McKinley and Frank Hurd, of Nelson Dingley and William L. Wilson, of Crisp and Henderson, and the hosts of others whose names are familiar to you or to any who know the history of our country?

There are now more great men and more great women in the United States than there ever have been in the past history of the Republic. Some one asks, "Where are they?" And I answer, They are everywhere, following their vocations; but when necessary, whether it be in Congress or in civil life, or upon the bench, in the State legislature; whether it be in diversifying the industry of the country and carrying on the business of the country, whether it be following the plow or working in the machine shop, there will be found more people capable for self-government and ready to defend the flag than there ever have been since the discovery of America. [Applause.]

Is there humor in the House of Representatives? Yes. The first notoriety I ever obtained in this House and in the country was by the aid of Sunset Cox, who came into Congress from Ohio, and then from New York. A great man was Cox. He had a versatile mind. He was full of humor. One day he was "running amuck," attacking the Republican side, as only he could. We were cheering him at times on both sides, and sometimes there was gnashing of teeth on this side. [Laughter.] Finally he made a remark about a constituent of mine who had

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just been nominated for Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Gen. Green B. Raum, a good, strong man, a former Member of Congress. Just at that time Alice Oates was here in opera bouffe. She was inimitable. One of the characters in her opera, as I recollect it, was "General Boom." Sunset Cox in his remarks said: "Why, here at last they have turned out a good, honest Commissioner of Internal Revenue and appointed somebody—I think he is from Illinois—General Boom." Well, that aroused me, and I jumped up and said, "Will the gentleman yield?" "Oh, no," said Cox, "I can not yield. The gentleman shakes his finger, and he scares me." Then a smile came over his face and he said, "Yes; I will yield." "For what time?" inquired Mr. Speaker Blaine. "As long as the gentleman will keep his left hand in his pocket," answered Cox. [Laughter.] I accepted the yielding and stood in that aisle, and I began vigorously to defend Gen. Raum; but I had not talked 60 seconds until I forgot all about the left hand, and out it came. "Time's up," said Cox. And it was up. [Laughter.]

That was my first notoriety. In the campaign of 1874 that finger was cartooned all over the country. The joke was good, and that cartoon abounded on handbills on every tree in my district, with the left hand out, and sometimes one finger and sometimes all the fingers, and they had the fingers sprouting out of the forehead, you know. [Laughter.]

I have had two terms, four years, of absence that I did not ask for; otherwise my service in Congress would measure 44 years. [Laughter.] During that time, with the exception of that great struggle—the Civil War—there has been more of history written, not only upon this continent but I believe more than was ever written anywhere else on earth in the same length of time. Think of it! It was the winding up of that great struggle, when valiant, courageous men of the same race and the same blood fought for four long years. You of the South thought you were right. We knew you were wrong, or thought we did, but it took four years to determine. I see before me a few men who were in that struggle in the Southern Army, and I see the sons of many who were in that great struggle. It was fierce. The world up to that time had never

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seen such a contest. When it began the navies of the world were wooden walls. Then came the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, and when that war closed all the navies of the world were obsolete.

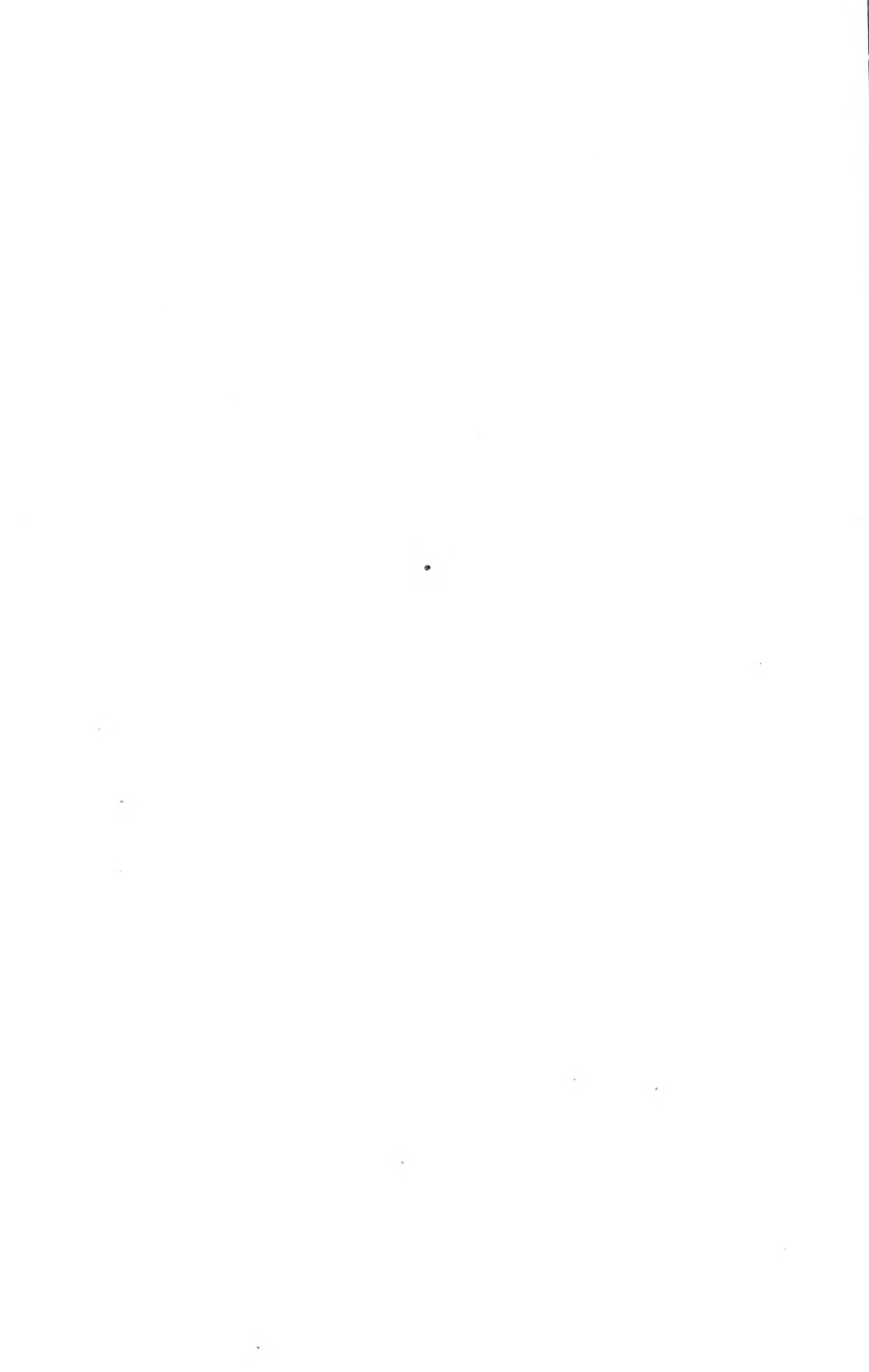
Then came reconstruction, but I will not go into it. None of us remember the many things that happened with pleasure; but as I think about it sometimes I realize it necessarily could not have been otherwise than it was. But how marvelously it has been forgotten, because we sit here upon each side of this aisle friends, Americans, all marching under the Stars and Stripes, each with an equal love for the great Republic. [Applause.]

There was no such contest with any such result in the lifetime of a generation and a half in the history of the world. Why, bless my soul, the Battle of the Boyne was fought 200 years ago, if I remember aright, and on each anniversary it is fought over again now. [Laughter.]

A man said to me the other day, "What would you give, Mr. CANNON, for an insurance policy that you would live to be 100 years old?" I said, "A real policy that would make me live—and would I have to die then?" "Yes," he said; "just a policy of that kind." I said, "Give? I would rather pay something not to have it." "Why?" he said. "Well, there is probably one man in half a million in the United States now living that will live to be 100 years old, and I am going to take my chances." [Laughter and applause.] He said, "That is a slim chance." I said, "Yes; but I would not have the policy anyway, because every day that would pass it would occur to me that it was one day less." The Great Father has arranged it properly; no man can foresee when he will die.

Now, I do not desire to keep you longer. I thank you, Mr. Speaker and gentlemen, with all the sincerity in my power for this compliment. I never had such a compliment before. It would be impossible to have another such, and I appreciate it. [Prolonged applause.]













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